Per. An Armour friends; I pray you let me ſee it?
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all Croſſes,
Thou giueſt me ſomewhat to repayre my ſelfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath me,
With this ſtrict charge, euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*. it hath been a ſheild
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Brayſe,
For that it ſaued me, keepe it in like neceſsitie:
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I ſo dearely lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas (that ſpares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, hath giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my ſhip-warke now's no ill,
Since I haue here my father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you ſir?

Per. To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth,
For it was ſometime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his ſake, I wiſh the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay you bounties; till then, reſt your debter.

1 Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile ſhew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why di'e take it: and the Gods giue thee good an't.

2. I but harke you (my friend) t'was wee that made vp this Garment through the rough ſeames of the waters: there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope ſir, if you thriue, you'le remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue't, I will:
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And ſpight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my ſelfe.

Vpon

Vpon a Courſer, whoſe delight ſteps,
Shall make the Gazar ioy to ſee him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of Baſes.

2. Wee'le ſure prouide, thou ſhalt haue
My beſt Gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my ſelfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile riſe, or elſe adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonydes with attendants, and Thaiſa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Leige, and ſtay your comming,
To preſent themſelues.

King. Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,
In honour of whoſe birth, theſe Tryumphs are,
Sits heere like beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to ſee; and ſeeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaſeth you (my royall father) to expreſſe
My commendations great, whoſe merrit's leſſe.

King. It's fit it ſhould be ſo, for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it ſelfe:
As Iewels looſe their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not reſpected:
T'is now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preſerue my honour Il'e performe.

The firſt Knight paſſes by.

King. Who is the firſt, that doth preferre himſelfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The ſecond Knight.

Who is the ſecond, that preſents himſelfe?

Thai. A